Your pennes to launces, and your tongue diuine,
To a lowd trumpet, and a point of warre?
Biſh. Wherefore do I this? ſo the queſtion ſtands:
Briefly, to this end we are all diſeaſde:
The dangers of the daie's but newly gone,
VVhoſe memorie is written on the earth,
VVith yet appearing blood, and the examples
Of euery minutes inſtance (preſent now,)
Hath put vs in theſe ill-beſeeming armes,
Not to breake peace, or any braunch of it,
But to eſtabliſh heere a peace indeede,
Concurring both in name and quallitie.
Weſt. VVhen euer yet was your appeale denied
VVherein haue you beene galled by the King?
What peere hath beene ſubornde to grate on you?
That you ſhould ſeale this lawleſſe bloody booke
Of forgde rebellion with a ſeale diuine,
Biſhop My brother Generall, the common wealth
I make my quarrell in particular.
Weſt. There is no neede of any ſuch redreſſe,
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.
Mowbray why not to him in part, and to vs all
That feele the bruiſes of the daies before?
And ſuffer the condition of theſe times,
To lay a heauy and vnequall hand
Vpon our honors.
Weſt. But this is meere digreſſion from my purpoſe:
Here come I from our princely generall,
To know your griefes, to tell you from his Grace,
That he will giue you audience, and wherein
It ſhall appeere that your demaunds are iuſt,
You ſhall enioy them, euery thing ſet off
That might ſo much as thinke you enemies.
Mowbray But he hath forcde vs to compel this offer,

And it proceedes from policie, not loue.
Weſt. Mowbray, you ouerweene to take it ſo:
This offer comes from mercy, not from feare:
For loe, within a ken our army lies:
Vpon mine honour, all too confident
To giue admittance to a thought of feare:
Our battell is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the vſe of armes,
Our armour all as ſtrong, our cauſe the beſt:
Then Reaſon will our hearts ſhould be as good:
Say you not then, our offer is compelld.
Mow. Well, by my will, we ſhall admit no parl
Weſt. That argues but the ſhame of your offenc
A rotten caſe abides no handling.
Haſtings Hath the prince Iohn a full commiſſion
In very ample vertue of his father,
To heare, and abſolutely to determine
Of what conditions we ſhall ſtand vpon?
Weſt. That is intended in the Generalles name,
I muſe you make ſo ſlight a queſtion.
Biſhop Then take, my lord of Weſtmerland, this
For this containes our generall grieuances,
Each ſeuerall article herein redreſt,
All members of our cauſe both here and hence,
That are enſinewed to this action,
Acquitted by a true ſubſtantiall forme,
And preſent execution of our willes,
To vs and our purpoſes confinde,
We come within our awefull bancks againe,
And knit our powers to the arme of peace.
Weſt. This will I ſhew the Generall, pleaſe you
In ſight of both our battells we may meete,
At either end in peace, which God ſo frame,
Or to the place of diffrence call the ſwords,
Which muſt decide it. *Exit Weſtm*
Biſhop My lord, we will doe ſo,